

# Will You Spend ONE DOLLAR to Elect Wilson President?

How deep is your conviction that this government ought to be in new hands, in clean hands?

How much are you in favor of a clean slate from Wilson and Marshall clear down the line to the very smallest offices in your locality?

The Democratic National Committee has every reason to believe that every progressive voter is willing to spend a dollar to elect Wilson and Marshall and their ticket. And that thousands are anxious to contribute to the Wilson Campaign Fund in amounts of \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20.

To such we make our appeal. To such we must look for victory.

## Time An Important Factor

This is another case where time is money. The enemy have their funds—supplied instantly by the interests.

We have only a few days and contributions to be effective must be received at once.

There is no question of the money of the People being able to defeat the money of the Trusts.

Because it is greater even in volume and will be used in straightforward telling ways.

But to be effective it must be received and used within the next few days.

Quick action is absolutely necessary. Let us have your contribution or the list you make up from your friends and co-workers today if possible, tomorrow sure.

## How Your Money Will Be Spent

Woodrow Wilson, our standard bearer, has never had the time or disposition to talk about himself.

He has never used spectacular methods to place himself in the spotlight.

His greatest work has been done without ostentation, in the most expeditious, dignified manner.

The great mass of voters do not know what a really great man Wilson is. They do not know all he has done. They do not understand all the features of his platform.

We must tell them. To educate this great nation of voters, especially the clear thinking, independent Democrats, Republicans and Progressives who choose their leader on his merits, means the expenditure of a vast amount of money.

We propose to use your dollars in just this way—judiciously, and without a penny frittered away for an unnecessary item.

We know you have confidence we will do this thing—and successfully.

## Why the Dollar Counts

In this campaign the issues lie between the forces of Representative Government and Popular Government.

In Representative Government only a part of the people have influence; those with no political faith, who spend fortunes in any direction where their own ends are furthered for money.

In Popular Government all the people have influence, because their executives and legislators do not dare to thwart the expressed will of the people.

Representative Government, as ever, this year is being supported by the money of the interests. It is being lavishly given to the voters a wrong impression of Wilson.

Popular Government, this year, to win, must depend on the truth being told about Wilson. We must publish his record and platform broadcast so that no one can controvert it.

Your \$1, your \$2, your \$5, your \$10 or \$20 will count and count to win if spent in this work.

## Head a List For the Fund

If you know several Wilson voters, or work in a place where there are Wilson voters, take up a subscription from all of them.

Place your name and the amount of your subscription at the top of the list and get the others to join you.

Mention the name of this paper on your list.

Then mail the list and contributions to C. R. Crane, Vice Chairman Finance Committee, Democratic National Committee, 900 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

This is the most helpful work you, as an individual, can do for clean government next to casting your ballot for Wilson and Marshall on November 6th.

## How to Contribute to the Wilson Campaign Fund

Sign the Coupon in this corner and fill in the amount you give. Then attach your money to this Coupon and mail today to the address given on the Coupon.

Issue all checks, money orders and address all contributions to C. R. Crane, Vice Chairman Finance Committee, Democratic National Committee, 900 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Then write a letter to this newspaper giving your name as a contributor and stating your reasons why you believe Woodrow Wilson should be elected President of the United States.

In this way you will be listed as a Wilson contributor. A Souvenir Receipt, handsomely lithographed, well worth framing, will be sent to you. Your letter will help the fight by encouraging your friends.

Do everything you can to hold up Wilson's hands in his clean campaign for the people who do the work and fighting of the country.

## Woodrow Wilson Campaign Fund LOYALTY COUPON

To C. R. CRANE, Vice Chairman Finance Committee, The Democratic National Committee, 900 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

As a believer in the progressive ideals of government represented in the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States, and to the end that he may take the office free-handed, untrammelled, and obligated to none but the people of the country, I wish to contribute through you the sum of \$..... toward the expenses of Gov. Wilson's campaign.

Name.....

Address.....

R. F. D..... State.....

Endorsed by

## EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Day as Produced by Henry W. Savage

Copyright, 1911, by H. E. F. Co. CHAPTER XXXII.

The Empty Berth. The one thing Mallory was beginning to learn about Marjorie was that she would never take the point of view he expected, and never proceed along the lines of his logic.

She had grown furious at him for what he could not help. She had told him that she would marry him out of spite. She had commanded him to pursue and apprehend the flying parson. He failed and returned crestfallen and wondering what new form her rage would take.

And, lo and behold, when she saw him so downcast and helpless, she rushed to him with caresses, cuddled his broad shoulders against her breast, and smothered him. It was the sincerity of his dejection and the complete helplessness he displayed that won her woman's heart.

Mallory gazed at her with almost more wonderment than delight. This was another flash of her character. Most courtships are conducted under a rose-light in which wooer and wooed wear their best clothes on their best behavior; or in a starlit, moonlit, or gaslit twilight where romance softens angles and wraps everything in velvet shadow. Then the two get married and begin to live together in the cold, gray daylight of realism, with undignified necessities and harrowing situations at every step, and disillusion begins its deadly work.

This young couple was undergoing all the inconveniences and temper-exposures of marriage without its blessed compensations. They promised to be well acquainted before they were wed. If they still wanted each other after this ordeal, they were pretty well assured that their marriage would not be a failure.

Mallory rejoiced to see that the hurricane of Marjorie's jealousy had only whipped up the surface of her soul. The great depths were still calm and unmoved, and her love for him was in and of the depths.

Soon after leaving Ogden, the train entered upon the great bridge across the Great Salt Lake. The other passengers were staring at the enormous engineering masterpiece and the conductor was pointing out that, in order to save forty miles and the crossing of two mountain chains, the railroad had devoted four years of labor and millions of dollars to stretching a thirty-mile bridge across this inland ocean.

But Marjorie and Mallory never noticed it. They were absorbed in exploring each other's souls, and they had safely bridged the Great Salt Lake which the first big bitter jealousy spreads across every matrimonial route.

They were undisturbed in their voyage, for all the other passengers had their noses flattened against the window panes of the other cars—all except one couple, gazing each at each through time-wrinkled eyelids touched with the magic of a tardy honeymoon.

For all that Anne and Ira knew, the Great Salt Lake was a moon-swept lagoon, and the arid mountains of Nevada which the train went scaling were the very hillsides of Arcadia.

But the other passengers soon came trooping back into the observation room. Ira had told them nothing of Mallory's confession. In the first place, he was a man who had learned to keep a secret, and in the second place, he had forgotten that such persons as Mallory or his Marjorie existed. All the world was summed up in the fearfully happy little spinster who had moved up into his section—the section which had begun its career draped in satin ribbons unwittingly prophetic.

The communion of Mallory and Marjorie under the benison of reconciliation was invaded by the jokes of the other passengers, unconsciously ironic.

Dr. Temple chaffed them amiably: "You two will have to take a back seat now. We've got a new bridal couple to amuse us."

And Mrs. Temple welcomed them with: "You're only old married folks, like us."

The Mallorys were used to the misunderstanding. But the misplaced witticisms gave them reassurance that their secret was safe yet a little while. At their dinner-table, however, and in the long evening that followed they were haunted by the fact that this was their last night on the train, and no minister to be expected.

And now once more the Mallorys regained the star roles in the esteem of the audience, for once more they quarreled at goodnight-kissing time. Once more they required two sections, while Anne Gattie's berth was not even made up. It remained empty, like a deserted nest, for its occupant had flown south.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Fresh Trouble Daily. The following morning the daylight creeping into section number one found Ira and Anne staring at each other. Ira was tousled and Anne was unkempt, but her blush still gave her cheek at least an Indian summer glow.

After a violent effort to reach the space between her shoulder blades, she was compelled to appeal to her new master to act as her maid.

"Oh, Mr. Lathrop," she stammered—"Ira," she corrected, "won't you please book me up?" she pleaded.

Ira beamed with a second childhood boyishness: "I'll do my best, my little cotsum-tootsums, it's the first time I ever tried it."

"Oh, I'm so glad," Anne sighed. "It's the first time I ever was booked up by a gentleman."

He gurgled with joy and, forgetting the poverty of space, tried to reach her lips to kiss her. He almost broke her neck and bumped his head so hard that instead of saying, as he intended, "My darling," he said, "Oh, hell!"

"Ira!" she gasped. But he, with all the proprietorship he had assumed, answered cheerily: "You'll have to get used to it, ducky darling. I could never learn not to swear." He proved the fact again and again by the remarks he addressed to certain refractory books. He apologized, but she felt more like apologizing for herself.

"Oh, Ira," she said, "I'm so ashamed to have you see me like this—the first morning."

"Well, you haven't got anything on me—I'm not shaved."

"You don't have to tell me that," she said, rubbing her smarting cheek. Then she bumped her head and gasped: "Oh—what you said."

This made them feel so much at home that she attained the heights of frankness and honesty by reaching in her handbag for a knob of supplementary hair, which she affixed dextrously to what was home-grown. Ira, instead of looking shocked, loved her for her honesty, and grinned:

"Now, that's where you have got something on me. Say, we're like a couple of sardines trying to make love in a tin can."

"It's cozy though," she said, and then she vanished through the curtains and shyly ran the gauntlet of amused glances and over-cordial "Good mornings" till she hid her blushes behind the door of the women's room and turned the key. If she had thought of it she would have said, "God bless the man that invented doors—and the other angel that invented locks."

The passengers this morning were all a little briskeer than usual. It was the last day aboard for everybody and they showed a certain extra animation, like the inmates of an ocean liner when land has been sighted.

Ashton was shaving when Ira swagged into the men's room. Without pausing to note whom he was addressing, Ashton sang out:

"Good morning. Did you rest well?" "What?" Ira roared.

"Oh, excuse me!" said Ashton, hastily, devoting himself to a gash his razor had made in his cheek—even in that cheek of his.

Ira scrubbed out the basin, filled it and tried to dive into it, slapping the cold water in double handfuls over his glowing face and puffing through it like a porpoise.

Meanwhile the heavy-eyed Fosdick was slinking through the dining-car, regarded with amazement by Dr. Temple and his wife, who were already up and breakfasting.

"What's the matter with the bridal couple on this train, anyway?" said Dr. Temple.

"I can't imagine," said his wife, "we old couples are the only normal ones."

"Some more coffee, please, mother," he said.

"But your nerves," she protested. "It's my vacation," he insisted.

Mrs. Temple stared at him and shook her head: "I wonder what mischief you'll be up to today? You've already been smoking, gambling, drinking—have you been swearing, yet?"

"Not yet," the old cregyman smiled, "I've been saving that up for a good occasion. Perhaps it will rise before the day's over."

And his wife choked on her tea at the wonderful train-change that had come over the best man in Ypsilanti.

By this time Fosdick had reached the stateroom from which he had been banished again at the Nevada state-line. He knocked cautiously. From within came an anxious voice: "Who's there?"

But the other passengers soon came trooping back into the observation room. Ira had told them nothing of Mallory's confession. In the first place, he was a man who had learned to keep a secret, and in the second place, he had forgotten that such persons as Mallory or his Marjorie existed. All the world was summed up in the fearfully happy little spinster who had moved up into his section—the section which had begun its career draped in satin ribbons unwittingly prophetic.

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